

Artie Gold

6 nonconnected poems

not for James.
Artie Gold.
for Evan.



THE LEAGUE
OF CANADIAN
POETS

I have been thinking a great deal
about my bike that will be stolen.

I don't like things whose inevitability
works against me.

Why have you driven through my heart?
Make that what.

strange how in this world
each of us must somehow invent
I have so scaled down love
when intending it for you
years might pass of you not
on the phone I couldn't care
the awesome thing love was
before reinventing personally
I didn't dare. -or you didn't
to be fair I all but swamped you
I redirected every discovery
you were all my intentions.

Strange to compare the laundromat
lit at night, with my heart. The lights
jarr, as in any analogy there are
elements that mean something because
they must; but mean nothing
because they cannot.

So the lights on in my heart
that are not lights, that is not
a laundromat, are strange to me. Mis-
placed, somewhere in a corner outside
the path traversed, the understanding ground
I stand, or am, locked

or perhaps not,
the laundromat I pass though late at night
needn't be, who thinks of trying the door
it is the light alone that is foreboding
enough in itself; keeps customers away.
And in my heart, also tumblers, secret
safe, silent. distant lonely unlit
a night
passes, but has just begun.

alison

I am alerting you to the fact that the clouds
above your house are doing a dance **THIS MINUTE**
and if I wait, well ...

but I have already waited, a human faculty, thinking
what if the clouds by the time you have woken
have flown, disarranged themselves. gone to Europe

I juggled this thought unconscious of the lapse of time
while the clouds stayed and stayed. now the clouds can't say:
c'mon, Artie, wake her up. we are here only briefly

or Artie the day is glorious, take your time, ponder
this human condition you talk of. we are here
at your beck. we are like the photo of beautiful day

drawn from the textbook of surrealism, surrealism,
the everyday that never happens. and the clouds are gone.
a personal experience. which for you, never was.

so I leave a note on your doorstep; alison, wake up
the clouds can be beautiful!

you

leaning, like a Hardy Boy
I touch my fingers lightly
to the invisible panel

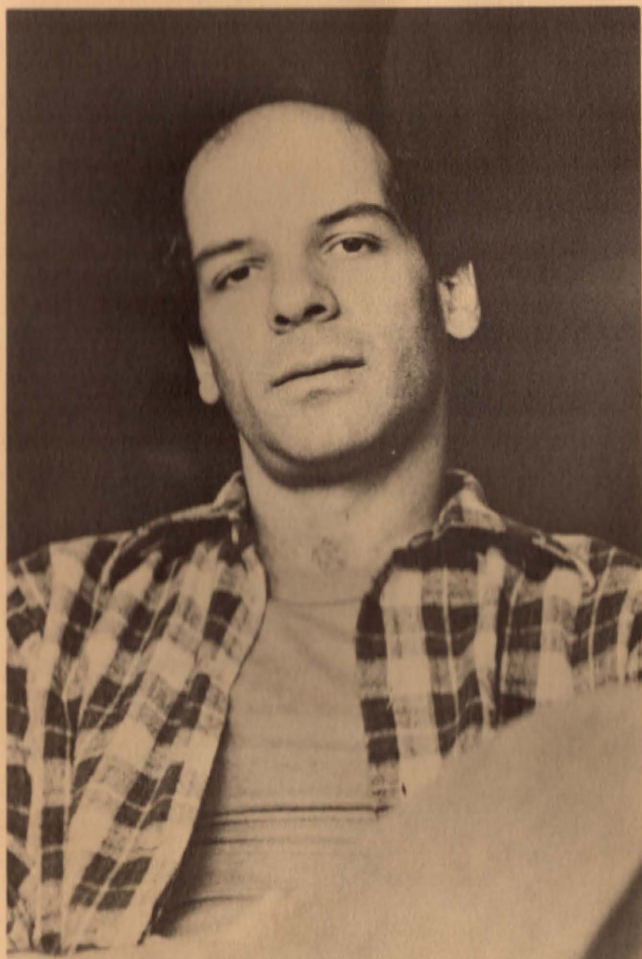
if I listen, *fear* falls away
how are you? over, the green hills
the panel swings, revealing-

revealing summer. daylight
roars from the spot. Above me
you stand like an easel

I lean my face sideways
tenderly towards you, nuzzle,
like an artist who has lost his brush

and what he'd begun to do
bending over, *was simply to retrieve it*
and then, *he fell in love with an idea ...*

More things interrupt my work
than carry it on, yet
some things do carry it on. I
open letters, see a note on
the night kitchen counter –
a dear friend of the dear friend
that I live with has died
is to be buried tomorrow
and the phone rings while I am reading
and on the phone is my mother and her
brother, my uncle has died and he also
must be buried. neither of these deaths
affect me but they
affect those closest to me
I am being
buzzed by death. my companions' companions
go down
and they worry about me
and I feel like the body in a hammock
tied both sides onto two trees and no
tree I am tied to
touches me. In the centre
I swing
sideways, while death
moves on
ahead. I feel my marvellous life, untouched
and I skirt both boards on a narrow runway.



ASTRI REUSCH

Artie Gold, born Jan 1947. Virtual haunter of Montreal his first city. Fairly widespread publishing done in Canada and the U.S. alike. Some of his books include: *cityflowers*, delta / canada 1974; *Mixed Doubles* (with Geoff Young) The Figures, Berkeley, 1975; *Even Yr Photograph Looks afraid of me*, Talonbooks, 1975; *Some of The Cat Poems*, CrossCountry, 1978; *before Romantic Words*, Vehicule Press 1979.